

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

# ОБЪ

POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK; GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

HE FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF PAIN, THERE ARE NO WORDS THAT SOUL FROM THE RIPPING HEART.



# SAINT SINNER

a tale Of the BARKERVerse



HE FOLLOWS BLINDLY, RIDING THE MOAN, THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER THAT SINGS AND TO FIND IT ALL FROM THE TIGHTENING THROAT, ESCAPES ON A GREAT THROUGH THE FEAR COLLECTIVE TAW.

HE RUNS TOWARD THE DARK'S ALWAY SOURCE... THE SOUL... IT IS THE SOUL'S NEED THAT WILL LEAD HIM TO...

THE GATE!

Don't fear, Sinner! See with the heart's eye. The one you seek is near.

GOOD CHOICE SAINTS! SMELL THE FEAR IN THIS PLACE!

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Breakdowns: RICHARD PAGE  
Finishers: MAX BOUTLES  
colorists: CHRISTIE SCHEITEL  
LETTERS: JACQUE CHOLINE

Artist: GUY ON THIS BOOKS SPENCER LAMB  
INK: BOSS: LARRY M. LUDWIG  
INK: BOSS: BOSS: CARL POTTS  
Consulting Boss: MALCOLM SMITH  
In CHARGE: BOB DELPINO



SOME SOULS ARE INNOCENTS... BORN INTO FEAR SOME LABOR LONG AND HARD CREATING FEARS OF THEIR OWN AND SOME THEY PROFIT BY SELLING FEAR TO OTHERS.



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THEN THERE'S SAINT SINNER.

I NEED YOUR  
GLASSES.  
PLEASE.  
MY EYES  
HURT...

IT HURTS  
PEOPLE TO  
LOOK AT THEM.  
YOU SEE?

THANKS, SORRY ABOUT  
THE GRAY HAIR. I DON'T  
ALWAYS HAVE CONTROL  
OF... OF IT.

TRY NEVER.  
SABOT... YOU  
NEVER HAVE  
CONTROL.

HE HAD FEAR THRUST  
UPON HIM...

...AND HE, UNWILLINGLY, DOLES  
IT OUT IN KIND.

*I ignore the demon.  
Sinner. He steals  
your power. Find  
and follow  
the prayer.*

WOW! MAJOR  
FLASHBACK!

A SAINT FOR SINNERS... MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME!  
PLEASE HELP ME! I'M SO... AFRAID!

*Find the one  
who prays  
you here...*

...the one  
who opened  
the gate!

ME, SAINT... HOW I  
LOSE MY JOB?  
YOU TELL ME, SAINT...  
JUST CAN

...BUT HOW CAN I CONTINUE WORKING  
FOR THAT EVIL MAN?

I MUST SEE  
THE PETITIONER...  
THE ONE WHO  
PRAYS... SEE  
WHERE HE IS.

GENTLY, HE TOUCHES  
THE ROUGH BARK  
USING HIS NEWLY  
ACQUIRED POWER TO  
WILL THE TREE TO  
GROW TO LIFT  
HIM SKYWARD.

IT STRETCHES AND  
GROANS, ITS CELLS  
DIVIDING... EVOLVING...  
EAGER WITH  
THE DANCE OF  
NOISE AND  
LIGHT! THEN...

"...PAIN! SORROW!  
AGONY! EVOLVING AT  
THE MAN'S TOUCH... THE TREE  
COMPREHENDS... FEELS  
THE ROT IN ITS ROOT SYSTEM!  
KNOWS THE POISON KILLING IT!  
SLOWLY... SURELY, THE TREE  
KNOWS AND IT SHARES  
ITS KNOWLEDGE WITH  
THE MAN..."

"...YOU! YOU'VE  
GIVEN ME DEATH!  
DEATH! DEATH!"

You've grown if a mind,  
saint! THE TREE KNOWS  
IT'S DYING! CALL ME  
brother, saint!  
you've given me  
the gift of ANGUISH!

It change  
is death.  
Sinner, follow  
the prayer...

WHAT A STRUGGLE IT'S BEEN  
GOD KNOWS ME TO GET WHERE I AM!

HOW CAN I TELL YOU  
THAT ANKIN? TELL ME,  
SINNER, SINNER!

Look! You  
can see  
him! There  
in the  
distance!

**MALCOLM PERRY  
IS AFRAID.**

I CAN'T...  
I CAN'T! TOO  
OLD TO START  
OVER AGAIN!  
ECONOMY'S  
ROTTEN!  
BUT... I...

**FEAR...IT  
POISONS  
THE MIND...**

...LOCKS THE PSYCHE  
IN AN ENDLESS  
GOOSE-STEP.

HOW DO I  
CHOOSE? HOW  
MY FAMILY NEEDS  
MY PAYCHECK,  
BUT THIS WORK  
IS EVIL!

THEN THERE IS NO LESSER EVIL

SAINT SINNER  
HAS KNOWN  
FEAR...

..HAS KNOWN  
CREATURES  
THAT FEED  
ON FEAR.

HOW CAN  
I WORK FOR  
MURCHISON?  
SELL MY SOUL TO  
THAT DEVIL! HOW  
DO I CONTINUE  
TO... TO WORK  
AS... AS...

...AN AD MAN! YOU  
CALL YOURSELF AN AD MAN?  
WAKE UP, PERRY! YOU KNOW  
WHAT SELLS?...**FEAR!**  
FEAR IS WHAT **SELLS!**

YOU DON'T  
**BELIEVE IT?**  
GO ASK MCT!

THAT **SPOT**  
THY RAN WHERE  
THE GUY DOESN'T GET  
THE DEAL-CLINCHING  
CALL IN TIME HA!  
'EM RACING TO  
CHANGE  
CARRIERS!

YOU MAKE 'EM THINK  
THAT IF THEY **DON'T**  
BUY THAT GERMAN CAR,  
THEY'RE CONDEMNING  
THEIR CHILDREN TO DEATH  
ON A RAINY HIGHWAY.

THEY DON'T  
CHOOSE THE RIGHT  
LONG DISTANCE  
COMPANY? THAT PINK  
LIP'S IN THEIR DAY  
ENVELOPE AT THE END  
OF THE WEEK.

LOOK AT THIS,  
PERRY... THIS GUY,  
JENKINS? THEY  
FOUND THE POOR  
BUCKER STANDING  
UP IN A ROW BOAT,  
HIS FEET IN  
A PAIL OF  
CEMENT...

...MAD AS A  
MARCH HARE! MUSTA  
BEEN OUT THERE FOR  
**GOYS!** HAIR GONE  
**COMPLETELY WHITE**  
FROM FEAR! WE CAN  
**USE THIS!**

YOU DON'T  
**BELIEVE ME?**  
GO ASK MICHAEL  
DUWHIZITE! ASK  
HIM IF YOU CAN  
**RIND HIM!**

THAT WILLY  
HORTON SPOT  
THE BUSH GUYS RAN?  
SCARED THE SPIT OUT  
OF THE WHITE  
FOLKS! **BURIED**  
THE GUY!

**FISHING FOR CLUE**  
Rescued man hospitalized "Raving about sea creature" says detect

AND THIS **OTHER**  
THING... THE **MONSTER**  
SIGHTED IN THE HUDSON?  
FEAR CREATED IT, PERRY!  
HUMAN FEAR! AND WE CAN  
**USE** THAT MONSTER'S IMAGE  
TO **FEED** THE FEAR, AND WE  
CAN SELL THE YOKELS  
**ANYTHING...** WHATEVER  
WE WANT! WATCH...



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EDITOR

# SAINT SINNER

## Department of Correction

Oops. In issue #2, due to a printers error (really!) there were no credits. But mistakes happen. The appropriate parties have been drawn and quartered, but at least here are those missing credits. The names were retained, to protect the innocent.

|                                           |                                   |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <b>Created by</b><br>You know who.        | <b>Writer</b><br>Elaine Lee       |
| <b>Editor in Chief</b><br>This one, too.  | <b>Artist</b><br>Max Douglas      |
| <b>Editor</b><br>Another easy one.        | <b>Letterer</b><br>Janice Ching   |
| <b>Consulting Editor</b><br>Malcolm Smith | <b>Colorist</b><br>Cherie Scheide |

## Creator Issues

There's at least one unsung hero behind every book, and on most books there's more than one. On this book, it's hard to pick out the spectators for the great crew that throws 110% into what is arguably one of the most fascinatingly complex books out there. This is a book that challenges you, pushes you back to the wall, then pulls away the wall to reveal a thousand foot drop. This time out, I want to thank two of those heroes.

One of the first comments we got on this book was that the letterer must hate the writer. Well, Janice Ching, as well as being one of the best and most prolific letterers in the business, is also one of the most dedicated. So far we've not heard word one of complaint, only unbridled enthusiasm for the great effort we all throwing into this project.

The Logo for this title was designed by veteran logoist (look Ma, I made up a new word!) Alex Jay, my first choice to design the title credits for *SAINT SINNER: My Life and Times*. The *Motion Picture*. Alex's sketches managed to capture the heart of the myriad elements we needed *Saint Sinner* to portray: mystery, intrigue, the holy and the damned, as one and at odds. I couldn't have told him what to render, but once he'd showed us his ideas, we knew he'd hit it right on.

That's all for this time. I'm ghost.

## Dear SAINT SINNER,

It's been years upon years since I last wrote to a Marvel title, having long since lost interest in the never-ending deluge of circuitous superheros. Now would I have anticipated writing again, finding only a select few books these days up to par with their full potential as art and literature.

Barker's myth of the "Man Who Walks Between" is in itself a great idea, calling to mind Taoism, where the seemingly antithetical yin and yang may yet find balance and unity of our present state of existence. Obviously, Philip Fetter has a way to go before he finds any internal harmony and this provides Elaine Lee with the perfect opportunity to develop Barker's initial theme. Thus far, she has skillfully balanced the inherent melodrama of the title with grim psychological overtones, conveyed with dark poetry.

As for the art, Max Douglas is perfect for the series! His scratchy pen work and heavy

use of blacks give the story a bleak and black atmosphere, the perfect complement to Elaine's excellent scripting.

I have only one complaint, with which you may do as you wish: The cover of issue #2. Don't get me wrong. Douglas's art was good; however, our protagonist under attack by monstrous plants (a minor incident considering the scope of the story) alongside Mr. Barker's name (equalling the logo size) and the alliteration of "Heinous Horncombing" screamed "standard comic fare" and most assuredly this is what *SAINT SINNER* is NOT!

I'm simply worried that those who might otherwise find this title intriguing will overlook it... *SAINT SINNER* is certainly worthy of some fully painted cover art (how about it?).

Whether or not you print this letter, I want to let you guys know that I'm truly excited over this one.

Kyle Fite  
1937 E. Washington  
Madison, WI 53704

Thanks for your comments, Kyle. The cover to issue #2 is an example of the fine lightrope we walk here at the *RAZORLINE*. We know what a special product we offer, and how different it is from the majority of work out there. Unfortunately, there are only too many out there who'd like to pigeon-hole us away from the readers who, though part of the mainstream, might really get something out of these pages. To try and get out there to the mass market, we occasionally try things designed to make sure we aren't read just by two kids and their dog in a basement somewhere in the Yukon. Sometimes we go over the edge in that direction—at which time our artist, Max Douglas, (who absolutely shares your sensibilities) usually screams bloody murder. With watchdogs like him and Clive over our shoulder to keep us in line, things'll only get better, Kyle. You can do your part by turning your friends, and even your local store owner on to what this book is really about!

## Dear Saint Sinner,

I just finished reading the *SAINT SINNER* preview. I'm afraid that this one is going to take some getting used to. It's a bit confusing. But I'm sure that will clear up eventually given a few more issues. The basic premise for the story is an exquisite one. Yet I question the use of the character Philip Fetter, for he seems a bit too young. He is too innocent. I would have preferred someone older, someone who had seen more of the world... had experienced more of the world... and finally had enjoyed more, the happy moments — those times that we smile. Philip is too young to have had any of these experiences.

Andy Dabdyden  
24 Metzak Drive  
Brampton  
Ontario, Canada L6Z 3R8

Too young? Age and experience are distinctly different things. Andy, in

Philip's case, he has seen and experienced more than most do in a life-time, enduring nine years of torture in the Amen, exposed to concepts, trials, and beings that could drive an "innocent" over the edge. Don't let his innocent looks fool you.

## Dear Barker dudes,

*SAINT SINNER* appeals to me because I could be a dead ringer for him. The long black clothes, the long jacket, Ministry, this is my world. So, you can say I'm biased toward *SAINT SINNER*. The other three just don't appeal to me as much as the *Saint*; but I like them too. I just can't say I'll be buying every issue of all four titles every month. Only *SAINT SINNER*. I'm sure he'll be big with the Sandman crowd. I think there's hope for this universe. At least I'll be reading.

Bill Wolf  
(Address withheld by Request)

If you were to give the other titles a steady two-issue chance, Bill, odds are you'd be hooked. For certain, there was more in the initial proposal than we could ever hope to fit in an issue #11. There's more to each of them than immediately meets the eye.

## NEXT:

*Saint Sinner* is dead—long live the Runesmith and Regina, still trapped in his form, wandering the streets of New York City. Meanwhile, the spirit of young Philip Fetter is trapped in the Ectosphere, ripe for an adventure with you-know-who! *Tis the season to crossover...*

## CUTTING EDGE ALERT!

Two weeks in  
Ectokord #5:

Continuing the story you've just read, as the dearly departed Philip meets Dex Mungo, the wayward Ectokord, for an adventure that may tear both their souls apart! Prepare to spend the day—and maybe the rest of eternity—in part one of "Sir Sigmold's Arcadia!"

## ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZORLINE EDGE:

### HYPERDND #5:

The power of Pargon John! The secret, never before revealed fate of the original Faxis Plus, the answer to the most-asked *Razorline* question of the decade (sort of)—as we reveal the status of the fifth power!

### HOKUM & HEX #5:

And speaking of cross-overs, check this issue out as Trip Munroe jets out to Calif. for a climactic confrontation with the Hyperdnd in L.A! But Pargon John has more dramatic plans for all of them, continued in next month's *HYPERDND* #6!





WE TAKE  
THAT FEAR AND  
WE USE IT TO  
BAIT THE HOOK!

THE CHUMPS'LL  
GO FOR THAT  
FEAR AN' THEY'LL  
SWALLOW IT  
EVERY TIME!

HOOK,  
LINE AND  
SINKER!

OR MY NAME  
AIN'T **BOAKE**  
**MURCHISON** AND  
I AIN'T AN  
ADMAN!



F/X.

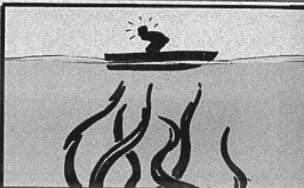
SOUND:  
SEA SOUN  
'SLOSH  
'SLOSH'

CAMERA: PULL FROM TIGHT CL  
OF JENKINS TOO FAST, SHOT

DIALOGUE: JENKINS - MUFF!  
OVERDUB: EVER HAVE ONE OF  
THOSE DAYS WHEN  
NOTHING GOES RIGHT...

TIME SE  
:00-:20

ACTION:  
WATER  
MOTION



F/X.

MWT  
SHOT -  
SEE ABOUT  
COMPUTER  
MATHS

CAMERA: CUT TO - LOOKS  
LIKE THE SIDE OF A FISH TANK.

DIALOGUE: ...NOW YOU FEEL  
ANNOYED, LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING  
CURIOUS JUST BENEATH THE  
WATER. MIGHT BE THE USUAL  
OFFICE SHARKS, MIGHT BE WORSE

TIME: SE  
:16-:22

ACTION:  
TENTACLES  
CRAWLING UP  
TO GET  
JENKINS



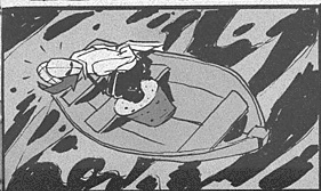
F/X.

CAMERA: TIGHT CL. OF  
TENTACLES WRAPPING AROUND

DIALOGUE:  
MAYBE YOU'LL CALL US  
NEXT TIME? ...

TIME: SE  
:47-:52

ACTION:  
JENKINS



|                |                                                                             |                                                    |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| F/X.<br>EDITTO | CAMERA: CUT TO<br>BATMAN ANGLE/BIRDS EYE                                    | TIME: SEC<br>:04-:08                               |
|                | DIALOGUE:<br>OVER DUB: "... YOU FEEL STUCK?<br>CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYWHERE?" | ACTION:<br>JENKINS<br>LOOKS<br>AROUND<br>ANXIOUSLY |



|                                       |                                                                                                                                     |                                                            |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| F/X.<br>"SLOCH"<br>SEAGULLS<br>SOUNDS | CAMERA: CUT TO<br>HIP SHOT FROM BEHIND                                                                                              | TIME: SEC<br>:08-:16                                       |
|                                       | DIALOGUE:<br>-MAYBE IT STARTED WITH THE<br>REPORT THAT I DIDN'T ARRIVE<br>ONTIME THAT REALLY TIED YOUR<br>HANDS AT THE LOAN MEETING | ACTION:<br>LOOKS<br>AROUND MORE<br>HE'S REALLY<br>WORRIED! |



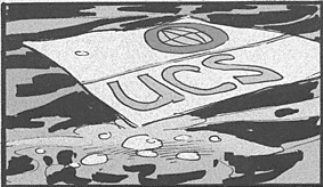
|      |                                                                                                                   |                      |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| F/X. | CAMERA: SATIC SHOT OF<br>NATIONAL EXPRESS ENVELOPE                                                                | TIME: SEC<br>:25-:33 |
|      | DIALOGUE:<br>-YOU'RE THINKING YOU <i>Stupid!</i><br>HAVE CALLED NATIONAL EXPRESS...<br><GEN INFO, MOVIES, ETC...> | ACTION:              |



|      |                                                                                                                                                                             |                      |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| F/X. | CAMERA: EAT ANGLE/WORMS EYE<br>CUT TO                                                                                                                                       | TIME: SEC<br>:33-:47 |
|      | DIALOGUE: -MAYBE IT'S JUST A FEELING<br>BUT WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THAT<br>SOMETHING WORSE WAS EXIST WAITING<br>FOR YOU TO SLIP UP? WAITING FOR<br>IT'S CHANCE TO ROCK YOUR BOAT! |                      |



|                         |                                               |                                                   |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| F/X.<br>LINDER<br>WATER | CAMERA: UNDER WATER<br>LIP SHOT               | TIME: SEC<br>:52-:57                              |
|                         | DIALOGUE:<br>"... IF THERE IS A NEXT<br>TIME. | ACTION:<br>JENKINS<br>BEING<br>DRAGGED<br>LINDER. |



|      |                                                                          |                                            |
|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| F/X. | CAMERA: SHOT OF UCS<br>CUT TO ENVELOPE FLOATING                          | TIME: SEC<br>:57-:65                       |
|      | DIALOGUE:<br><u>NATIONAL EXPRESS</u><br>WHEN YOUR LIFE<br>DEPENDS ON IT! | ACTION:<br>BUBBLES<br>BREAKING<br>SURFACE. |



YOU'VE  
SEEN THIS  
CREATURE  
MR. PERRY?



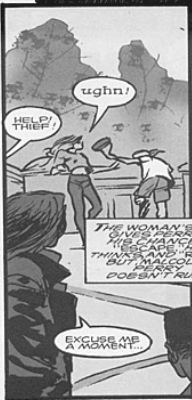
THE TENTACLED  
ONE? YOU KNOW  
HIM? I'VE SEEN  
HIM IN YOUR  
PRAYERS.

WHA...?

*FEAR AND AWE... RELAYED  
EMOTIONS. MALCOLM PERRY  
IS HAVING HIS PRAYERS  
ANSWERED. HE FEELS LIKE A  
RABBIT IN THE HEADLIGHTS.*



NO, I DON'T... HE'S IN AN  
AD, A TV COMMERCIAL.  
HE'S NOT REAL. BUT HOW  
COULD YOU...?



ughn!

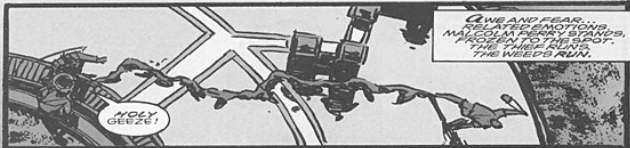
HELP!  
THIEF!

*THE WOMAN'S CRY  
GIVES PERRY  
HIS CHANCE...  
"ESCAPE THE  
THINK AND "RUN!"  
BUT MALCOLM  
PERRY  
DOESN'T RUN.*

EXCUSE ME  
A MOMENT...

*TOO BRIGHT! THE STRANGE  
SAINT'S POWER SHOOT'S DOWN  
THROUGH THE PAVEMENT,  
INCLUDING THE WHEELS,  
LEAVING THEM ON  
AN ERRAND OF MERCY.*





NO!Y!  
GEEZE!

*WE AND FEAR...  
RELATED EMOTIONS  
MAY GO A BERRY STANG,  
FROZEN TO THE SPOT.  
THE FEAR RUNS,  
THE WEEDS RUN.*

Aghhh!

*THE WEEDS  
RUN FASTER.*

THERE NOW,  
WHERE IS THIS  
MURCHISON? THE ONE  
YOU PRAYED ABOUT.  
HE UNDERSTANDS  
THIS CREATURE. HE  
MAY KNOW SOMETHING  
THAT WOULD BE USEFUL  
TO ME.

BUT, I DON'T  
THINK HE KNOWS.  
LISTEN! WHO ARE  
YOU? WHY ARE  
YOU HERE?

HE'S SHOOTING  
THE MONSTER  
SPOT... RIGHT NOW...  
AT THE BOAT  
BASIN... JUST A  
FEW BLOCKS...

YOU CALLED  
ME. YOU OPENED  
THE GATE. YOU HAVE  
NEED OF ME AND  
I OF YOU.  
NOW, HURRY!

THE POLICE  
HAVE HIM.

TELL HIM, SAINT...  
TELL HIM YOU  
WANT TO RELIEVE  
YOUR GUILT.

HERE'S NO LESSER



**FEAR FOLLOWS**  
THE ADAMANT LIKE  
A HUNGRY DOG, REEDING  
ON THE DISCARDED BITS  
OF HIS SOUL.

**MURCHISON HAS**  
THROWN HIS SOUL  
TO **FEAR** LIKE  
TABLE SCRAPS.

**HES BEEN**  
FEEDING **FEAR**  
FOR SUCH A LONG  
LONG TIME THAT HE  
HARDLY HAS A  
SOUL AT ALL, WHILE  
FEAR HAS GROWN  
ENORMOUS.

mmph...

Mmmph...



**BUT NOW, FROM**  
THE BOWELS OF  
A DISTANT  
DIMENSION CALLED  
THE AMEN HAS COME  
A CREATURE THAT  
FEEDS ON FEAR.



**THE CREATURE CALLED**  
**TENTACLES** HAS  
EAT THE DOG THAT  
WAS ITS MASTER...

... AND MURCHISON WILL  
KNOW THE EXTENT  
OF HIS MISTAKE.



...AND HE WILL TRULY  
KNOW FEAR.

zzzz  
zzzz  
zzzz

THAT  
WASN'T...OUR  
CREATURE?

SAINT!  
DID YOU SEE  
THAT? DID  
YOU SEE?

SAINT SINNER SAW THAT'S  
WHY HE'S RUNNING. ONCE  
MORE, TOWARD THE RIVER, HE  
KNOWS THIS CREATURE.

HE REACHES FOR  
THE WATER...

...AND THE ALGAE  
BURGEON... EVOLVING...  
A HIGHER FORM...

BECOMING A NEW  
BEING... ONE THAT CAN  
FEEL... AND FEELING...  
LOVE ITS BENEFACTOR.

HE BROUGHT IT TO  
EARTH FROM  
THE AMEN IN HIS NAP.  
HAZARD FLIGHT FROM  
THAT MORRID WORD  
WHAT IT DOES IS HIS  
RESPONSIBILITY...

YOU'RE A  
FOOL  
MURCHISON.

...MORE WEIGHT UPON  
HIS SHOULDERS... MORE  
DEATHS HEAPE  
UPON HIS HEAD.

GO ON! USE THE LINES  
WHO LOVE YOU, SAINT!  
YOU'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED TO WALK  
ON WATER!

They plants  
know your  
need, Sinner!  
They make a  
bridge for  
you! Use it!

NO... NO...  
NOOOOOOOOO!

AS HE RUNS ACROSS  
THE BACK OF THIS  
GROUP-BEING, HE CAN  
FEEL ITS CONSCIOUSNESS  
GROFFING TOWARD  
HIS HUMAN MIND.  
"LOVE... LOVE US... LOVE  
ME..." IT PLEADS  
WITHOUT WORDS.

HE FEELS ITS PAIN,  
BUT HE DOESN'T LOVE.  
HE REMAINS.

NOT FAST  
ENOUGH.

MUST FOLLOW...  
MUST FOLLOW  
TENTACLE...

HIS LOVER HEARS.  
HIS WISH IS  
ITS COMMAND.

PUSHING UNDER  
HIS CLOTHING,  
IT LOVINGLY CLIMBS  
HIS FLESH, ITS DUTY  
ONE WITH  
ITS DESIRE!

OVER LEGS AND GROIN AND  
BELLY AND CHEST, UP  
IT LOVINGLY CLIMBS  
AND PRESSING FINALLY INTO  
THE NOSTRILS... SUFFOCATING  
AT FIRST, AS THEY SAY LOVE  
CAN BE... THEN...

...PUMPING SWEET  
OXYGEN INTO HIS  
AIR-STARVED LUNGS!



LIKE MANY  
A BELOVED...

...SAINT SINNER  
TAKES  
THE PLUNGE!



REMEMBER the last time,  
SAINT? Remember your  
last swim? It was just  
the two of us then...  
before you RIPPED  
the ANGER!

HE FOLLOWS AND  
FINDS THE CREATURE  
FROM THE AMEN.

YOU! YOU  
BETRAYED ME HUMAN...  
UP THE GYM REVER  
MY FLESH AND LEFT  
MY POOR HALE CORPSE  
TO ROT ON THIS ALIEN  
WORLD! BUT THE JOKES  
ON BOTH OF US!

WHILE  
I'VE  
GROWN  
WHOLE AND  
STRONG,  
DRINKING  
THE FEAR OF  
YOUR HOME  
WORLD...

SAINT SINNER  
MUST ACT!

REGRET him,  
SAINT! Take his  
CONSOLATIONS!

... MY OTHER HALF  
GREW WHOLE AGAIN, TOO.  
HE'S TRAPPED IN THE AMEN,  
AND IS TORTURED BY THE SMITHS.  
I FEEL THE FORM OF THIS  
BEING... MY TWIN! HIS SCREAMS  
CATCH IN MY THROAT. SOON,  
YOURS WILL DO THE SAME!

LIKE FLOOD WATER  
THROUGH A FRACTURED  
DAM, THE WHITE DARK  
RUNESTAFF TEARS ASH  
SAINT'S MIND... RIPS  
THROUGH THE FLESH TO  
POUR FROM HIS HAND,  
INUNDATING TENTACLE...  
FILLING THE CREATURE  
WITH RAW POWER.

NOW, BOTH  
MASSIVE AND  
TERRIBLE,  
THE CREATURE'S  
MIND IS STILL  
HIS OWN.

Foolish,  
Sinner!  
You feed  
the demon!

HARAHA! NEVER ASSUME,  
SAINT! EVOLUTION  
FOLLOWS DIFFERENT  
PATHS ON DIFFERENT  
WORLDS!

MUST GO  
THE OTHER  
WAY... MUST  
ADVANCE  
HIM!

There  
we GOs  
again!

O sinner! I feel  
the creature's  
mind reaching for  
that of his twin!

YES, SAINT!  
ADVANCE HIM! GIVE  
HIM THE POWER TO  
END  
THE WORLD!

I HEAR  
YOU, BROTHER!  
I HEAR AND  
UNDERSTAND!

**Q. RUSHING! A RAGE OF WATER! THE FORCE OF A TROUGH FORMING CYCLONE FROM SEA!**

**MIND TO MIND, BROTHER! WE'LL BE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE WORLDS!**

**CAUGHT ON THE PERIPHERY! CAN'T STOP MOVING!**

**Don't you recognize it, Saint? You've passed this way before!**

**The place where prayers end, Stinner.**

**LIKE AN OPEN WOUND IN THE ACHING SKY...**

**...THE AMEN!**

**COME TO ME, MY OTHER SELF! YOUR PAIN WILL CEASE! TOGETHER WE'LL EAT THIS WORLD!**

**Q. AND HE DOES COME, THIS FEARFUL TWIN... PEERING FROM THE WOUND'S RED MOUTH! THEN...**

**BURSTING FROM HIS OWN BLACK MAW... THE DEMON SMITHS!**

**SHOWTIME!**

**WE THANK YOU, SAINT! THROUGH YOUR EFFORTS AND OUR PLANS-- WE'VE OPEN ACCESS TO YOUR WORLD--**

**MURCHISON! GET DOWN!**

**--AND ITS RICHES!**

...OR BE CUT  
DOWN, ON  
BLADESMITH'S  
WORD!

NERVE  
AND FLESH AND  
SENSES!  
UNLOCKINGSMITH  
SAYS OPEN!

CLOCKSMITH  
SAYS  
BE QUICK...

A LIKE SOUL!  
AND A GOOD FIT,  
SOCKSMITH SAYS,  
THIS HUMAN  
SUITS US!

WITH HIM  
WE'LL PASSION  
FEAR TO OUR  
LIKING...

MY LORD...  
THOSE THINGS--  
INSIDE HIM!

GOT TO STOP  
HIM!

AND  
NEAR IT  
ON THIS  
WORLD!

WHAT IS  
THAT I FEEL,  
MY TWIN?

IT IS OUR  
STRENGTH  
GROWING  
STRONGER!

MY POWER  
USELESS, WHILE  
THE CREATURE GAINS  
POWER! MUST DO  
SOMETHING!

TO LATE, SAY! WE  
ARE DRINKING THE CAST-  
OFF FEARS OF  
YOUR RACE!



REACH  
OUT TO ME,  
MYSELF!

GARBAGE, THE TIRE  
FROM HIS TAILORED CAR,  
A HALF-USED BOTTLE OF  
HAIR DYE, BOLDT AND  
BOLDT BY A  
GRACELESSLY AGING WIFE...  
THE SKINNED DOG THAT  
HUNG FROM THE NIGHT-  
TERRORS OF AN  
ABANDONED CHILD...

THESE THINGS WE  
BARE WITH US  
A SHADE OF US  
WITH THEM.

THE SHADES CLING  
TO AND HOVER NEAR  
THE ROTTING JUNK.  
THE SHADES  
ARE FEAR.

FEAR LOVE'S OPPOSITE.  
FEAR BINDS AND  
LOVE LIFTS.

THE TWINS  
CROSSING  
OVERTOOK  
TO DISTRACT...



YOU  
AGAIN!

TENTACLE HAS  
SAINT SINNER.



BLAKE  
MURCHISON  
HAS A  
CAMERA.

THIS  
IS GREAT  
STUFF!

WITH  
A VISION  
WE'LL BIND  
THIS  
WORLD!

YOU'RE ALREADY  
LOST, AREN'T YOU,  
MURCHISON? AND  
YOU'LL BRING MORE  
DOWN YOUR PATH...

GOD  
HELP US  
BOTH!



MALCOLM  
PERRY HAS  
A MISSION.

HE MUST STOP  
BLAKE MURCHISON.

Not so **EASY**  
TO **KILL** US NOW  
that I am  
**Many!**

GOTTA GET BACK!  
WE'RE AN **AD MAN**.  
Y'SEE, GOTTA FINISH  
THE WORK! GONNA  
SPREAD THE **VISION**...

...OR MY NAME  
AIN'T **BLAKE**  
**MURCHISON**.  
**SMITH!**

THERE'S A NEW  
GUY IN TOWN.  
HE'S A KICK-AR  
BARREL  
O' DEMONS!

...EVEN AT THE COST  
OF HIS OWN LIFE.

**KA-BOOM!**

FOR HE KNOWS  
WHAT WE KNOW.

AND BENEATH THE TRANSFORMED  
AD MAN, THE MUTANT FISH SILENTLY  
SPEAK THEIR VILE - FOLDING PLAIN  
SAINT'S SINNER HAS PASSED THIS WAY.

BACK TO  
THE AMEN!

PAST THE BREAKING POINT,  
SOMETHING SNAPS, RUPTURES, SOME  
BOUNDARY IS BREACHED.

THE BLACKLING RUNEFORCE  
SNATCHES THE TIT TALL  
LIFTING HIM HIGHER... MUCH  
HIGHER THAN LOVE.

FREE!!

...WHERE  
THEY  
TOUGH...

LIFTS HIM TO  
THE CRACK BETWEEN  
WORLDS... UP... UP...  
TO HIS OTHER...

...THEIR EMERAGE...  
DEAFENING!

LIGHT! NOISE!  
HEAT AND FORCE!

AND WHAT HAS  
BEEN GIVEN  
RETURNS SO  
TO THE GIVER!

You've done,  
it now! You've  
killed us,  
Sinner!

SOMETHING HAS  
LEFT ITS FLESH.

SOMETHING THAT HAD  
BEEN A BOY, AND WAS  
NOW SOMETHING LIKE  
ONE-THIRD OF A GOD.

THE SOMETHING  
PASSES FROM  
THIS LIFE TO  
THE NEXT.

Hirok  
Jinos

SAINT!  
I TRIED  
TO STOP--  
SAINT!

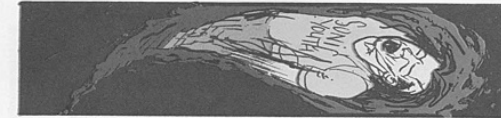
AND MALCOLM PERRY  
WATCHES IT PASS.

RAIN!  
HEAT!  
AND  
MORE  
RAIN!

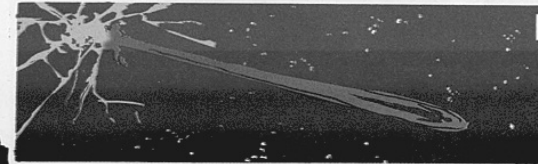
PAIN UNLIKE  
ANY I'VE FELT! MORE  
THAN THE PAIN OF  
THE RUNESMITH'S  
COMING! MORE THAN  
THE PAIN OF  
THE AMEN!

THE PAIN  
OF SOUL  
BEING  
TORN  
FROM  
FLESH.





BUT I LEAVE  
THE PAIN.



AND I AM  
CARRIED  
AWAY.

AWAY  
FROM  
PAIN...

AWAY  
FROM  
FEAR...

...TO A PLACE BEYOND  
AND PAST THE VOICES  
IN MY HEAD...

AWAY TO  
THE REALM OF  
THE DEAD.



**RHOOOM!**

CONTINUED IN ECTONID #5:  
**SIR SIGMOID'S  
ARCADIA!**

THEN BACK HERE IN 30,  
SAINT SINNER'S SPIRITLESS BODY  
WANDERS NEW YORK AT  
THE MERCY OF THE ANGEL  
AND DEMON WITHIN!